

TERSIE TRUE

By Louis Becke Author of "The Island Wife"



NDALL ATESSE, the trader on Manga Reva island, came to his door and looked ut upon the broad lagoon at the Sadie Reere wailing in through the passage between se lines of roaring surf. He was a handome, sunburned, and grave faced man of thout 30 years of age, with deep set, kindly gray eyes that, however, could yet become

hard and stern when occasion demanded, and in Manga Reva in those days death ran side by side with the daily life. of the white trader, and many a savage native had learned to his cost that "Randall the Silent," as he was called, was not a man to be threatened or imposed upon. Yet from one end of the Paumotu archipelago to the other there was no white man so respected as he

Unlike all the other European traders and pearl divers. he had not married a native wife, even though Minea, the handsome daughter of Rao, the chief of Manga Reva, made no secret of her admiration for the well favored, miet spoken trader, and Minea was a great match, for Rao was a wealthy man, owned a fleet of pearling luggers, built for him in New Zealand, and every year sold many thousands of pounds' worth of pearls and pearl shells to the French trading ships from Tabiti, or to Ayesse himself. But neither to the fair skinned Minea nor to any other of the many beautiful unmarried girls of Manga Reva would the quiet trader vouchaste so much as a giance. During the three years he had been living on the island his life had been in marked contrast to that of most white men-loose living or license of any sort was not only abborrent but impossible to him.

Once at the Café Falais in Papelte town (Tahiti) be had been "chaffed" by a number of fellow traders, who asked him if he was qualifying for a missionary. He stood it quietly and good humoredly, for he was used to their rough wittleisms, and knew that no affront was intended, but when one Charley Rous, a big American pearl sheller, who had taken more liquor than was good for him, insimusted that he was a hypserite, his manner changed, and he abruptly asked Rous what he meant.

"Take it any way you like," was the answer, "and don't put on any of your high and mighty British style with me, or you'll run up agin authin' that you won't like." There was a dead silence, as Ayesse rose slowly from his chair, and Rous' hand went quickly to his hip pocket, but it was seized by another trader.

"No, no, none of that, Rous," he cried, "It's a dirty trick to draw on a man you well know never carries a pis-

tol when he's in a town, and among white men" Ayesse looked at him with eyes aflame, but not a word came from his lips as he beckoned to Rous to come outside to the courtyard. In an instant the cafe was alive with subdurd excitement, as the group of traders went

into the courtyard, and formed a ring round the two men-Half an hour later. Rous was under the care of two French military doctors, who told him that he would be able to leave the hospital in about ten days; and Ayesse went quietly to his room, changed his clothes, returned to the other traders, played a game or two of billiards, and said nothing about the encounter beyond remarking that it was time Rous had a lesson.

As he watched the Sadie Revere entering the lagoon. Manuel, his head boatman, a stalwart Manga-Revan,

"The boat is ready, master." Ayesse nodded, and, putting on his wide brimmel panama hat, walked down to the beach, stepped into his whaleboat, and, taking the steer oar, bade the crew give way. A quarter of an hour later he was alongside the schooner just as it swung to its anchor.

Throsby, the supercargo, was in the main cabin, ready to go on shore when the trader descended; the two men shook hands warmly. "How are you, Ayesse? Everything going on all right at Manga Reva?"

Everything. And you?"

"O. I'm A1. We had a glorious run down from Auckland-ten days. I've letters for you," and Throsby took a packet from his pocket and gave it to the trader, who smiled slightly, as he slipped it into his own.

"I saw Miss Shannon only a fortnight ago," said Throsby, a tall, stout man with Jewish features, and bold black eyes, as he pushed a box of cigars across the table to Ayesse, and called to the steward to bring them somening to drink; "she's looking simply splendid. By Jove, old man, I envy you your future wife. She and the three Miss Fallong are called 'the four beauties of Auckland.' Ayesse again smiled and nodded in his quiet way, and

just then the captain came below. 'Hello, Ayesse! How are you? Going on shore with

"Yes, as soon as he is ready. Won't you come, too? My boat is alongside, and we'll have dinner at 6. Roast pigeons, captain. I know you can't say 'no."" 'No. I can't. But we have half a dozen boatloads of

trade goods and stores to land for you." Tomorrow will do. There is no other trader on Manga Reva to worry me, so the natives never try to rush me into opening my new trade the moment the cases are landed by threatening to sell their pearl shell to another

Throsby laughed. "That's the only way, Ayesse.

Never give in to a native. I never do." "No," put in the captain, sureastically, "you never do-not even when you know you're in the wrong. And you're too quick with your hands when you lose your temper. Some of these days you'll get a knife into you.

The supercargo squared his great shoulders and laughed contemptuously. He was inordinately proud of his abilities as a fighting man, and fond of displaying them upon the slightest pretext.

Six months before there had been a "difference" beween the supercargo and Randall Ayesse, and their friendship of two years was all but severed. Throsby had

in a burst of ill temper struck Manuel. Don't strike a man of mine, Throsby," said Ayesse, or you will never put foot in my house again. Manuel is a native, but because he is one, don't imagine that you can hit him. You are too fond of that sort of thing. If there is any knocking out to be done on this station, I can do it-I won't have you or anyone else interfering with my people. You don't understand the language, though you think you do, and you-not Manuel-were in fault."

Throsby's black eyes gleamed, and he took a step forward towards his friend-then he stopped and held out his hand with a smile, apologized, and said that he should be sorry to lose Ayesse's friendship over a native. But from that moment he hated him.

that he would be sorry to lose his friendship. For the un- tweive mouths."

bounded confidence which the trader had placed in him was particularly valuable to him, and the counter man little dreamed that under Throsby's bluff manner there lay the deepest, blackest treachery.



Years perhaps two. You see, dearest, besides the pearls and pearl shell I shall have a trading station as well, and that will bring me in at least \$2,000 a year. But the pearling business is the thing for making money. And when I have \$50,000 I think it will be time for us to be married, and I'll give up the south seas. I've spent fifteen years there, and, although I love the life, I love you best, and the place will see me no more when I bave that \$50,000.

And Ida Shannon's deep blue, long lashed Irish eyes were filled with tears when she said farewell. She really believed she loved him, but did not know herself-did not know that she was as unstable as water, and as fickle as the wind. Her mother, an utterly selfish pleasure loving woman, who had ruined her dead husband through her wild extravagance, was the last person in the world on whom the upbringing of a gir! with the temperament of Ida Shannon should have devolved. Without an atom of inculcated principle to guide her, and with a shallow brained, frivolous mother whose one thought was dress and gayety, and whose most serious effort in life was the evasion of her debts, it is no wonder that Ida, at 23 years of age, was, in a sense, no better than her parent.

But Randall Ayesse loved her passionately. He knew nothing about women. His wandering life for over twenty cears had left him in essential things as t ticated as a lad of 15. Mrs. Shannon he believed to be a generous hearted impulsive woman, devoted to her daughter and a model mother in every way. He was proud to lend her money when she one day told him she was pressed for want of it. And when he told her he loved her daughter, she had cried and said it would be hard to part from her darling Ida, and that she would retire into some religious sisterhood to end her days after the marriage. He helieved her, for she had the art of speaking brokenly, amid suppressed sobs.

Throsby was his friend. It was through him that be met Mrs. Shannon and her daughter, and that always. made him feel grateful to the handsome, burly supercargo. He never dreamed that Ida Shannon and the man who professed to be his friend were lovers.

In the hands of an unscrupulous, strong willed man like Throshy, Ida Shannon was as wax in the hand of the molder. Whatever real affection she had in her nature was given to Ayesse, but she was too plant to, and too terrified of Throsby to half in the path of deceit. Her mother's influence, too, was as fatal as Throsby's,

Within two years after he had landed at Monga Reva. Randall had made \$40,000-principally out of pearl shell and pearls. During this time the Sadie Revere had made five voyages between the Islands and Auckland, and Avesse had intrusted his triend Throshy with the disposal of the pearl shell, but the pearls, which were worth \$15,000 locally, he sent to Ida (also by Throshy).

"Keep them till I return, dearest," he wrote; "when we are married we will take them to Europe, where they he not?" will bring us double the price we could get for them any where in Australasia."

Throsby always sold the pearl shell for him advantage ously, and at his (Ayesse's request) placed the money to ago. the account of Ida Shannon in an Auckland bank.

"You see, Throsby, old man," he said one day, "I have not a single relative in the wide world, and I may die or be killed any day, and as I have made no will. Ida and hermother will be all right, and there will be no beastly interference by the curator of intestate estates, or any other legal shark. And its awfully good of you, old man, to do all this work for me. But another year or two at this game will give me all the money I want-in fact, the place will from his cigar, Still, in his treacherous heart, he meant what he said- be worked out as far as pearl shell goes in another ten or

de," said Throsby with his hearty laugh, as he slapped. Ayesse on the shoulder, " By Jove, Ayesse, you are a good fellow, Mrs. Shannon told me that you lent her some money three year, ago, and that she has not repaid you

Mrs. Shannon and her daughter, did not resent Throsby telling him this, and merely muttered something about his having no use for the money, etc.

After dinner the three men-Revere (the skipper of the Sadie Revere), Throshy, and Ayesse-sat on the veranda of the house, which stood in a grove of orange and lime trees, encompassed by a forest of graceful cocopalms. Before them lay the sleeping lagoon, shining

bright under myriad stars. 'I'll have a stroil through the village, I think,' said Throsby, as he lit a fresh cigar, "It will help to digest the three pigeons I have eaten." Ayesse nodded a smilling approval. Capt. Revere-a fittle, gray headed man of 60, said nothing as he puffed at his pipe. Then, as soon as Throsby had disappeared, he turned to his host and placed his hand on Randall's knee.

"Randall, I've known you for ten years ever since we first met in Fill. And you know me, don't you, my months yet. And you know me to be a straight man-a man

who would not do a dirty trick even to a nigger?" "I know you to be Tom Revere, and every one knows Tom Revere as one of the straightest men that ever trod

Thank you, my lad," and the old sailor's eyes glistened, and then laying down his pipe, he looked brought to book-and I'm sorry that the girl-

into Ayesse's steady gray eyes. Randail, my lad. I am going to tell you something that will hurt you-something that perhaps I should not tell you it I were like most men, 'But I think I ought to tell you, for poor Sadie " the spoke of the dead daughyou never knew it. And it's a horrible, cursed thing to tell you-but now that that scoundrel has gone-"

"Throsby? Yes. Throsby-he's a scoundrel and a traitor, and 1 ed upon getting at least another \$5,000 worth of pearls will tell him so in front of you when he comes back if you wish. I have herdly spoken to him on the voyage down. He brought you letters from Miss Shannon, did with you, Rao?" he said blandly to the chief.

"Did he tell you that he had seen Miss Shannon?" "Yes, he told me that he had seen her a fortnight

Revere sprang up from his chair. "The sweep! The villain! Randall, he and Miss Shannon have been meeting day after day for two years past whenever the Sadie was in port. And when she came on board the schooner to give her letters to you to Throsby, I saw Throsby take her in his arms and kiss her. I was in my cabin at the time, and saw it all." Ayesse, with agony at his heart, flipped off the nah-

"You are quite certain, Revere?"

That is the longest speech 'Randall the Sfirst' ever board them talking. . . . And. Hambell, my lad, you'll hate me now for what I am saying No. Revere," and Ayesse put out his hand. "I am

Well, Miss Shannon and Throsby spoke in French,

and my steward, who is a Martinique nigger, heard them, Ayesse, knowing that Throsby was an old friend of and told me what they said. . . . Randall, my bey-Go on, Revere, I'm not a child." Well-they spoke of the time when they would get your last consignment of pearls and pearl shell. Throsby who seems to do all your banking business, said that

you could work on ' for another year or so.' Then he and Miss Shannon could skip to Europe." "'Skip to Europe! Just so, Capt. Revere. se quietly, " Skip to Europe," Well, I'm much

obliged to you for the information you have given me, Dead certain about it?" Yes, my wife could tell you more than I know about Miss Shannon and Throsby. She has seen them

together time after time. "My fault," said Ayesse gravely. " I had no business to stay away from her so long. I think I had best get to

Auckland as soon as I can." "Decidedly I should. But the Sadie has only just bewun its cruise, and we shall not be in Auckland for five

Ayesse, who seemed buried in thought, nodded-" ! know that. The cutter will do me. I'll take Manuel." "H's a long voyage for a five ton cutter-2,500 miles." "We'll do it easily. I'll wait until the schooner leaves, then I'll start. Don't let Throsby know of it."

"Of course not. I'll be glad to me the scoundrel. "O, don't worry over me, captain. I'm not made of jelly and will get over the matter all right. Now let us

talk about something else."

Two months later when the Sadie Revere returned ter after whom his ship was named) "loved you, although to Manga Reva, Ayesse's station was shut up and the natives told the captain and Throsby that he had gone to Tahlii in the cutter and would be away a month. Throsby cursed him beneath his breath-for he had count-

> from him. "I suppose he has left the keys of the shellhouse "Yes," replied the chief quietly in English, "but there is no pearl shell in it. He loaded the cutter with

> it-to sell at Tahiti," Again Throsby cursed Ayesse, and old Revere was delighted to witness the expression on the traitor's face. "Queer of him to act like this, isn't it?" said the supercargo. "If he had left the shell for me, I could get him 50 per cent more for it in Auckland than he'll sell it

But the cutter never reached its destination, and when five months later the Sadie Revere arrived Auckland and Capt. Rivere found that it was missing, the white haired old skipper shed tears for his friend. A week later he came home one afternoon, his florid "Dead certain. The steward will bear me out. He face white with rage.

What is it. Tom?" asked his wife

Throsby and Miss Shannon were married yesterday, and left this morning for San Francisco in the Zealandia. The villain! The manager of the bank told me that a few days ago Ida Shannon and her mother came to him and drew out every penny that was to her credit-nearly \$20,000. The Shannons and Throsby between them have stolen over \$10,000 of a dead man's money. May heaven's curse rest on them."

A new supercargo took Throsby's place, and one evens ing as he was dining with Revere and his wife, a knock came to the door, and "the dead man" walked in

"I'm not a ghost. Mrs. Revere," he said as he shook had to stay there for four months. Then the Dauntless came along and gave us passage to Auckland. We only came in an hour ago, and I came straight to you." He spoke in his old, quiet, unmoved manner

Revere took him aside and told him about Throsby He listened in silence.

"It can't be helped." was all he said. "I must start afresh. Will you lend me \$1,000?" "Five, if you like, my dear lad." "No. \$1,000 will do. And I'll be glad if you will take

Manuel back to Manga Reva with you and put him in charge of my place," "And you" cried the old man in dismay, "aren't

cou coming, too?" "No, not with you, but you will see me there sometime within twelve months. Til have a croise about on

your money before I settle down to work again. Revere there and then drew a check, and Ayesse hade him and his wife good-night, and went quietly away. The next morning he was on his way to Sydney to cutch a P. and O steamer for London. He knew he should find Throsby and his wife in Paris, for Ida Shannon's one engrossing thought had been to live in the

In less than a year the Sadie Revere came to an anchor in Manga Reva lagoon for the third time since Ayesse had sailed with Manuel in the cutter, and again Ayesse stood In his doorway, watching.

Well, here I am again, captain," be said, when Revere came on shore. "How is Mrs Revere?" The old man wrung his hand again and again in sheer deligist. "Randall, my boy, I am pleased to fice you again. And you look well-you have got over it?" and he gazed into the trader's deep set eyes with a fatherly

"Quite. And so has Throsby." The old man slightly raised his right hand question-

"I shat him in Paris eight months ago." " And alm -

Avenue threw out his hands,

"Fire is-what she is. Come, old friend," and he drew. the captain of the Sadie Revere to a side table, "here is a margnum of the Widow Cliquot which I brought all the way from Paris to drink here with you. 000000000000000000000000

Practical Hints for the Busy Housekeeper . . . By Ada M. Krecker.

Although-A skilled chef need not be employed or costly and rare vlands provided to make an intertainment successful. It is necessary for the proper conduct of such an affair that she who is at the helm should understand her business thoroughly, so she may tactfully and gracefully fill the obligations of her cosition and correctly train her servants so that, however modest her entertainments may be, they will bear the stamp of refinement, and the food or service be the best of

Such a mistress will never attempt more than she is confident she can successfully carry out, and while her friends may show her lavish hospitality, she will not try to return her social debts to them in a similar and equally gorgeous way. If she has to draw her purse strings lightly she will strive to give her entertainment the charm of indi-viduality and prove that it is the result of careful thought and artistic elever planning.
At her unpretentious little repasts, whatever is cooked will be as well done as it can but pothing ventured on in the culinary e that is beyond the powers of the cook and facilities of the home kitchen, and no ex-periments will be made for an enterminment whose success has not been already thoroughtested at the family meals.

In the same way, where only one or two servants must serve the fare, no more guests will be invited than the waitrens can easily attend to, and no unusual kind of service be attempted, but the ordinar, routine of the family meals as nearly as possible be followed, so there will be no slips. When the daily living is always properly carried on, with just as much attention given to the cooking and service of the fare of which cooking and service of the fare of which been added one pint sweet cider. If cabreinly two may partake at the family board is not to be had dissolve two tablespoons

be a simple matter to have a course added here and there and a little more service given

or the extra number of people. The wise mistress always takes it for granted that nothing can go wrong in her entertaining, and will not beforehand worry er servants with fears and warnings that will make them so nervous they will be peorly fitted to go through with their duties, and, being in constant dread of mishaps, be more likely to make a mistake. She will inspire them with confidence in their ability to do what is required of them correctly if they follow her careful directions, and con-sult when in doubt the little written schedule that will be in the pantry and kitchen for the order of courses, wines, appoint-

Then she will be tranquit and gracious, never noticing even by her manner any slight mistake which her unskilled employes may make, or, with a few easy, pleasant words passing over any flagrant breach of form. Later, when the entertainment is over, she enecourage those who have done their best in her service by judicious praise, thus rendering her servants more ready and confideat for future entertaining.

Handsome Hams-

HOILED HAM .- Select a ham of fourteen or lifteen pounds. Wash and scrape it if necessary. Cover with cold water and let stand over night. When ready to built cover with cold water and simmer twenty-five minutes to every pound, counting the time after the simmering has begun. When the time is half up change the water, covering the ham with hot water, to which has

the water. Add a few cloves, a bay leaf, and a small piece of cinnamon. When the ham is cooked and tender let it cool in the water in which it has been boiled. When cool e-move from the water, take off the skin, and BAKED HAM .- Soak and boil the ham as

directed, allowing only fifteen minutes to the pound. When boiled take it from the water, and as soon as cool enough to handle re-move the skin and trim. Press two or three dozen cloves into the fat side and end, rub the ham thoroughly with brown sugar, and put it in the braising pan. Add to the pan one sup stock made from extract of beef, one tablespoon of carrot, one cup eider, one tablespoon celery, one tablespoon onion, one-half cup of the liquor in which the ham was boiled, one sprig parsley. Bake one hour in a moderate oven, basting at least three times. If the ham is baked in an ordinary open pan it will be necessary to baste thary open pan it will be necessary to baste it every ten minutes, as it browns quickly. When the time is up uneaver the pan and pour over the ham one cup champagne-cider, madeira, or champagne. Champagnecider, madeira, or champagne. Champagne cider is a good substitute for champagne at much less cost. Let the ham brown dell-cately, take from the pan, garnish, and serve with champagne either of madeira sauce. This is by no means so tromblesome as it secunds, and it well repays additional labor, as a ham cooked in this way is more delicate and pleasantly flavored than when belled. CHAMPAGNESAUCE -One-buff tenspoon extract of beef, two inblespoons flour, two ours het water, one slice onlon, two tablespecies butter, two teaspoons nushroom cat-sup, one-half cup champagne, salt and pep-per to taste. Brown the onten in the butter, add the flour, and thereughly brown. The solve the extract in the hot water, add the

strain. Return to the fire and add the champagne just before serving.

BROILED.-Cut thin slices from the middle part of a ham, cover with sour milk, and let stand over night. Sweet milk may be used, but sour is better. In the morning tinse well and broil over hot coals or pan In either case the cooking should be quickly done and the ham but delicately browned Long cooking toughers the ham as well as allowing it to stand after cooking before serv-

ing. FRIED HAM.—Cut in extremely thin slices. and unless the ham is quite fat use one tea spoon drippings. Turn the slices often and cook five to eight minutes. They can be served dry or if gravy is liked add one table spoon flour to the fat, stir till smooth, and pour in alowly a large cup of milk or water. If each are to be fried with it take up the lices, break in the eggs, and dip the boiling at over them as they fry. If there is not fat enough add one-half cup lard. The eggs will be done in three to five minutes. Serve one on each slice of ham and make no gravy. Fried ham and eggs with a dish of rice is a delightful breakfast.

And by those who ought to know, that consumers have a choice of 2.000 flavors of tea. The only one familiar to the mass of people is probably not included in this list. cause it is not, properly speaking, in tea-

flavor at all.
Good tou is easy to get, easy to make, and, to be colloquial, easy to drink. The higher grades only should be purchased, since, even at a dotter a pound, it costs only about 2

The president of the American Tea associa-tion sixs there are four exact rules to be followed in making ten and the neglect of any one of them will render the article valueless. Nearly every housewife neglects at least one. The four rules are: The water must be freshly drawn from the fauct. minutes before pouring it on the tea leaves. Third, it should remain on the leaves no less than seven and not more than ten minutes, and should then be poured off into another heated tea pot. Fourth, use one Take off the rind, and if the ham isold or hard teaspoon fea for each cup of water, unless parboil it five minutes. Have the pan hot, a weak infusion is desired.

Health and Toilet Hints-

For an Oily Skin-Avoid hot beverages of all kinds, taking some moding drink in their stead.

Sore Thront-Meets an efficacions remedy in a solution of salt and water, which is elso good for

a sore and cankered mouth. A Soothing Face Wash-

Which also softens and whitens the skin is made of ourmeal mixed with water. It should however, he sparingly used by those with large peres, which it is apt to clog.

Dumbbell Exercise-And collectionies should not be given up as west to keep your body supple and fook young exercise your muscles every day with some simula dumbbell exercises. A woman

The Shadow.

"Do you hear the calling, Mary, down by the sea? Who is it cultin', yender, callin' to me? Last night a shadow came up to the rowan-tree, And Mulrnean, it whispered, Mulrnean, I'm waiting for

Do you hear the calling Mary, down by the shore? Who is it callin', yender, callin' sere?

Last night I came in from the rowan an' shut the door, But some one without kept whisperin' the same thing o'er and o'er."

Do you hear the calling, Mary, here, close by? Who is it callin', whisperin', here, so night Give me my shawl. Mary, an' don't whimper an' cry: I'm going out into the night, just to look at the sky."

Mary-Mary-Wailed the wind wearily: Mary-Mary-Walled the rain in the tree; One! Two! Three! (loked the clock-One! Two! Threa!

that in the darkness rese the calling of the sea. FIGNA MACLEOD